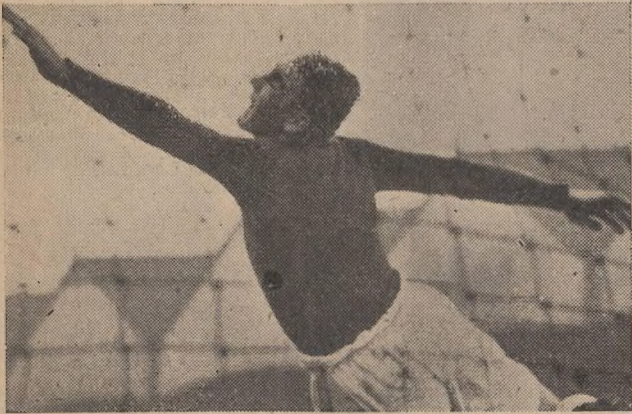


Good s124 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Manchester City's graceful giant, Frank Swift, puts the ball round the post.

Lifeboatman Swift, City's Goal Buster

MARCH 3rd, 1934, was a red-letter day for Eric Brook. Manchester City's fair-haired England out-side left.

Scorer of scores of match-winning goals, he probably surpassed himself on that occasion, and ever, one of the 84,569 fans, who together paid £5,451 0s. 6d. to see the match against Stoke, went home with his name on their lips.

Stoke City were a young team, backed up by one or two experienced players, and it was thought that they stood a very good chance of stepping into the final, and perhaps winning off.

Stanley Matthews and Bob Johnson, Stoke's international wingers, were quickly in the picture, and one run by Matthews—a beautiful close-dribbling affair—brought down the house as he slipped across the goalmouth a gem of a centre.

Johnson, running on to the ball, drove in a perfect shot, knee-high, and over half the vast crowd shouted "Goal!"

But they had reckoned without the brilliance of Frank Swift, Manchester City's young giant in goal—a Blackpool lifeboatman.

He dived across the goal, thrust out a gigantic hand, and put the ball around the post for a corner.

Matthews took the centre. It was a curling ball, and half a dozen heads went up in the goalmouth.

But it was Frank Swift, who was there first, and taking the ball with the grace of a cricketer, he punted it upfield, where Fred Tilson fastened on to it, beat the Stoke centre-half, Bert Turner, and drove in a perfect left-foot cross-shot.

Bob John, Stoke's Welsh international keeper, waited until

what appeared to be the last moment. Then he flung himself across the goal, his hands opened, and the ball was gripped tightly as he fell.

A second later it was again in the centre of the field.

This state of affairs went on until but a few minutes were left for play, when a loose ball went out to the left wing.

Eric Brook, showing a great turn of speed, fastened on to the ball and at once cut into the centre of the field. The Stoke defenders tried their hardest to halt Brook's progress, but he hung on, refusing to be shaken off.

As he broke through the defence, Roy John advanced from his goal, intent upon narrowing the angle. Brook could have been excused had he shot hurriedly.

Instead, however, the fair-haired sharp-shooter kept cool. He let John advance; did not get rattled as opposing defenders tried to unbalance him.

Then, when he could only just see the goal, and John was nearly on top of him, Brook shot. John dived sideways, his arms outflung. Straining fingers touched the rasping leather—but did not stop it.

The crowd shouted "Goal!" as the ball whipped into the net, and Manchester City were again in the semi-final.

That goal was reputed worth about £6,000. to Manchester City.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

THE celebrated Greek statue, the Venus de Milo, may have had a famous life, but scarcely a peaceful one. During the last five years it has been hidden at Valencay Castle, on the River Loire, where it was secretly taken to escape the war and the occupying Germans.

The local inhabitants of Valencay did not know anything about it until it was taken back, with many other treasures, on a lorry to the Louvre in Paris.

The statue was discovered by a British major last September who, at the same time, found many other hidden art treasures.

As long ago as the Franco-Prussian War, "Venus" was a "refugee." Then the statue rested in a coffin in a dungeon under the Louvre.

FOOD and drink form the nucleus around which we are building to-day's batch of family stories; food and drink of varying types for seven submariners.

There's the Red Lion for A.B. James Benfield, whose home is at 1, Veyies-lane, Bardord, Warwick.

Your Mum and Dad, and Eleanor of the Land Army, were at home in your old world cottage when we called there in the evening.

Dad said he is still going up to the Red Lion and keeping your seat warm, and Mrs. Baldwin up there often asks about you.

By the way the barmaid has left.

Jack and Arthur Griffin are both in the Army, and are doing well, and Bill Freeman has been home on leave, and came down to ask about you.

Eleanor says she has been working overtime on the land getting in peas, and spud pulling. She is now picking cherries, and (to make your mouth water) they have had bags and bags of strawberries.

When we took a picture of Mum, Dad and Eleanor in the lane outside your cottage, it was a lovely evening, and the sweet peas there were just perfect.

The local council talk about building 35 houses near you, one for every soldier and sailor who has gone to the war. So you had better hurry up and get married. They told us you have not got a girl, yet.

Yours is a lovely little cottage, so clean, neat and everything in place; and how they talked about "their Jim." They all send their love and kisses, and there are several cool pints of old ale waiting for you up at the Red Lion.

THE second story is for A.B. Bill Gell, of 76 Granville-avenue, Manor Park, Slough.

There is a general wish, too, for your return to The Ship, at Windsor, but nearly all the news from home for you, centres around little Angela, who you have yet to have the pleasure of meeting.

We called at 76, Granville-avenue, a few days after she has been christened, and we heard all about the ceremony and ensuing party.

Apparently your sister's little girl cried all the time during the first part, but she thoroughly enjoyed the festivities.

The Manorpark Hall was full of guests for the occasion, among them being your mother's friends from Liverpool, and Capt. Tyson, who came from Devon to take on the job of godfather, which you, unfortunately, have had to forsake.

You would have enjoyed seeing your little niece seated on her own chair at the table on which stood the big cake with "Angela, Margaret" written on it.

Angela was very seriously interested in all the attention showered upon her, and we couldn't make her laugh at all, but when her dad came in from work, she danced and smiled and beamed with delight!

While our cameraman got busy on Angela and her smiles, your brother-in-law told us how things were.

Apparently, lots of the chaps you used to work with have now left Sygnet's, but those remaining hope to see you back there soon, helping to turn out the post-war stuff they are now working on.

Bob Mayne and Clem Barrett are always asking about you, and Alf joins them in sending good wishes.

Incidentally, your Mother says she is looking forward to the time when you will be able to take her to the Theatre Royal again on Saturday evenings. She goes now occasionally, but it isn't the same without you.

When you do get back, you will find your armchair still here in the same place in front of the fire, but before you can settle yourself there, there is going to be a big party for you at the Manorpark Hall to combine a belated celebration of

your twenty-first birthday—for which the family send greetings and congratulations—and a welcome home.

In the meantime, your sister and her husband and Angela, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and their children all wish you the very best of luck, and Mother sends regards to all the lads she met from your boat, and love to you.

IT is a different kind of scene featured in the story for Warrant Engineer William Glass, of Chichester.

This glimpse of the Harbour from Prinsted should bring you many happy memories.

On the seawall in the foreground, are Mrs. Glass, Peter (aged 13), in his Sea Scout uniform, and Christopher (10), who is in the Cubs. Sailing in the creek are some of the Sea Scouts' boats.

From their home at "Seabreeze Cottage"—the last in the Sussex lane that leads to the sea at Prinsted—Mrs. Glass and the boys have an uninterrupted view over the creek, which is their favourite rendezvous.

Peter, who is doing well at Chichester High School, is a

bourne—he is a watchmaker—and we often spend our Sunday evenings together."

Mrs. Glass also has a brother in the Navy—a sickberth attendant—living at Gosport, and sometimes she and the boys go there.

So you see, Warrant Engineer Glass, all's well at home with the family. And we can tell they are all looking forward to the time when you can join them in a sail on the creek at Prinsted.

ORANGE juice may not mean much to you right now, P.O. Harry Hargreaves, but it certainly will when you get back to Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent.

Your wife, May, had just taken Chris to collect his orange juice when we dropped in at 29, Keelings-drive recently. But they got back in time for us to take this happy picture for you.

That bonny blue-eyed baby boy you said "Good-bye" to on a Scottish railway station, has grown into a sturdy toddler. And is he thrilled with his first "grown-up" haircut!



Babies when Daddy left home, these two sturdy examples of British childhood wait to greet him on his return. His joy in "getting to know them" will help to erase from memory the hardships and privations of the long years of war, when only letters and an occasional photograph told him how the family were growing up.

keen member of his Sea Scout patrol, and often during the week-end the patrol has four or five boats out in the bay.

At the moment Peter's thoughts are bent on a Service career—but not in the Navy. We don't know what his Dad will think about that, but Peter's idea is that there is a future for him in the Indian Army.

Christopher, of course, has no strong impressions about the matter at present. He is attending school at Funtington, where Mrs. Glass is doing a good job of war work as a teacher. Thus, both the boys are away all day, but after school there is a happy reunion at "Seabreeze."

"We were awfully lucky to get this place," said Mrs. Glass. "I was teaching in Wales when my husband last came home from the Mediterranean, and we went to stay for a time in Liverpool."

"I had nothing to do in Liverpool, so I came down here. My mother and father (Mr. and Mrs. Bruce) came down from Aberdeen for a month, but they are still here, too. My father took a little shop in the square at West-

Chris's Nana was only too delighted to tell us all about his funny little sayings and his latest tricks.

It's none of your hands and knees stuff for him. When he goes to bed these days, he walks up the stairs straight and steady all by himself. If, by any chance, he forgets Peter, the Dutch doll, or his latest favourite, Yankee Susie, he must come right down again and fetch them. Well, who doesn't like to stay up an extra few minutes at two years old?

His latest craze is going to "Chentham Gardens," as he puts it. He thinks the toy train, with its real engine, is something out of a marvelous dream. While as for the swimming pool—

Nana has promised to buy him a bathing suit, and he's just waiting for you to come home to teach him to swim. If he has his way, you'll be spending every day at Trentham Gardens!

Your wife, too, is dreaming of the day you'll be pushing open the gate into the little front garden. She and her mother, Mrs. Bayliss, are planning a very special party already. Sounds like being a grand affair, too. They're talk-

ing of hiring a hall for the occasion.

One of the people who'll certainly be there to welcome you is your hairdresser pal, Bill Broomhall. He's barber to Chris now, but he's hoping to be able to take on both of you soon.

By the way, he's wondering how that hairdressing set he gave you last leave is standing up to overseas service.

And to sign off, here's a message from someone you've never met, but who's very anxious, to meet you.

Uncle Jack Simpson, of Melbourne, Australia, thinks the Far East is a lot nearer to him than Trent Vale. So while you're practically on his side of the world, he wants you to do your best to look him up. He'll have a real "down-under" welcome waiting!

NOW for Engine Room Artificer Dan Mahon, of 56, Mildred-street, Salford, Lancs.

There's a promise of "under-the-counter" news for you; but first of all here are some details of a blue-eyed, brunette you have never seen, but will be waiting when you set foot once more in Salford.

She's cute, and would know all the answers—if she could talk. But as it's only three weeks since she first saw the light of day, her conversation is limited to a few gurgles.

Your wife, whom we found well and happy, is longing for you to get home, naturally, so that you can see Rosaline, the new addition to the family. Pat has grown a lot, since you were last on leave, too.

Dave has returned to England since you met him in Ceylon at Christmas, and when "Good Morning" called at 56 he was expected home any time, and the usual preparations (from "under-the-counter") had been made for his homecoming.

Terry, Bob, and Jack are all fine, and the latter has just gone back to Germany after a spell of leave.

Rosaline and Pat are very good friends, and your wife asked us to tell you that the new arrival is a very good baby, so you can forget those visions of walking the floor at night.

Your latest daughter weighed 7½ lbs. at birth, and has been putting on weight fast.

All at 56 hope you'll soon be following Dave to a demob-centre for your "ticket."

YOU are lucky, P.O. Steward Horace Starr, in having a father-in-law who looks after your garden while you are away.

Those vegetables he has planted in the garden of 5, The Grange, Westbourne, should make good eating at the welcome-home dinner you will doubtless get when you return.

Westbourne is tucked away in a picturesque little corner of Sussex, on the Hampshire border, and it is a fair run from there to the nearest "flicks," but every Monday evening there is a "social" for the youngsters at the village hall.

And, of course, Connie (aged 12), Raymond (10), and Joan (6), are the Starr guests!

We should think Connie will soon be a great help to her mother, and Raymond is evidently quite a lad. Both are very proud of just winning a first-class certificate in the annual Scripture examination of the National Sunday School Union.

Mrs. Starr also showed us a book which Raymond had received from his Sunday School teacher—presented by her "to the best boy in the class." You know, that's rather a nice reflection of his home life.

Joan is now looking forward to the time when she can collect a few books and certificates, too.

We hear there were high jinks in the village, P.O. Starr, when you got home for your first spot of leave after fifteen months away.

Mrs. Starr tells us she has (Continued on Page 2)

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . . BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

GAS THAT COLD

ONCE again, someone has discovered a cure for the common cold. This time, however, it looks as though there may be something in it for it has had a long and fairly extensive test and has come out with flying colours.

The sponsor of the new remedy for sneezes is Dr. William Edwards, of Ashted, Surrey. He is medical officer of a factory in the district where two hundred and fifty men and women are employed.

When there was an epidemic of colds among the workers last year, Dr. Williams decided to experiment.

He remembered how, while serving in the 1914-18 war on the Western Front as an anti-gas officer, he found that frequent sniffs of chlorine had given him a free run from colds, to which he had formerly been susceptible.

After some thought and a bit of laboratory experiment, he fixed on a mixture containing 30 minims of hydrochloric acid and two drachms of potassium chlorate, made up with

water to fill an eight-ounce bottle.

He tried it on the works manager, whose cold disappeared within twenty-four hours.

Then he arranged for the factory workers to sniff it. For months they have been sniffing it each day. If they get a cold, it just melts away—and with it the possibility of having to be an absentee.

Dr. Edwards has given all the details of his experiment to the medical authorities, and it is hoped that tests on a very much larger scale will be organised.

If you want to stop a cold, try it out. Sniff the mixture—which is cheap enough—till you cough. Then stop.

The last man I met who had a cold cure was the manager of a frozen meat depot. His work involved being in the cold store for five days a week, with the thermometer covered with frost and the sides of bacon or carcasses of sheep as stiff as boards.

I prefer to carry on having colds.

B.

Diamond Cut Diamond

By T. S. Douglas

THE biggest uncut diamond in the world was recently flown to Britain.

As large as a hen's egg and weighing 770 carats, the diamond found in Sierra Leone a few months ago is valued at about £150,000.

When it is cut, it will yield gems that may well total £500,000 in value.

It will probably take experts many months to examine the stone and decide just which is the best way from the point of view of both beauty and value to cut this unique stone, which is of exceptional colour and almost flawless.

Cutting makes or mars a fine diamond, and everything depends upon the skill and the taste of the craftsman entrusted with the task of dividing one into a number of gems. First by measurement and the most minute examination he decides the possibilities.

Nowadays he may be helped by X-rays which will reveal the structure of the crystal and reveal any flaw that might spoil a proposed cleavage or cut. Then he must consider how to cut gems that will give the maximum value. This may be a matter of fashion.

The market for diamonds of over 200 carats to-day must be very small, and the tendency, perhaps, will be to cut a number of fine gems rather than one or two very large ones.

The famous Cullinan diamond of 3,000 carats was cut into ten stones, of which two were 516 and 309 carats—the largest cut diamonds in the world.

These gems are in the British Crown Jewels. But the demand for Crown Jewels to-day is small.

The President Vargas Diamond found in Brazil in 1938 was of 226 carats, and was cut into 23 stones, the largest of which was 50 carats—a much more marketable stone.

It is, indeed, estimated that there are only about 20 dia-

monds in the world of over 100 carats.

Diamond is one of the hardest substances known, but along the plane of its crystalline structure it can be cleaved by a gentle tap with a small chisel. Against the grain, so to speak, it must be sawn by phosphor bronze saws as thin as paper, "lubricated" with diamond dust.

WHAT THE DUST SAW!

The phosphor bronze itself is not a particularly hard material, the real cutting being done by the diamond dust with which the wheel is "soaked" with the aid of oil. It is a question literally of "diamond cut diamond." The circular blades are about four inches in diameter and run at high speed.

Considering how much depends upon their skill, it is not surprising that cutters of fine diamonds are traditionally "nervy" men. Experts studied the President Vargas diamond for a year before deciding exactly how it should be cleaved.

It is said that when Asscher, the noted Dutch cleaver, was faced with the Cullinan, he spent weeks looking at it before bringing himself to give the gentle tap with the chisel that would divide it.

At last he did it—and the reaction was so great that he passed out, and spent three months in hospital recovering!

An error, and the greatest diamond in the world might have been spoiled.

Cleaving is done with a steel knife, and only gentle pressure is required. But it must be the right amount applied at exactly the right spot. Formerly, diamonds were "cut" by cleaving. The modern method of combining cleaving with sawing adds greatly to the possi-

There is no point in making that long trudge back to where we left the Way—on Reigate Hill—so let us take a bus.

We can get off at The Yew Tree Inn before we reach the summit, and taking an invitingly shady by-road going westwards, can come again to the foot of those milky tracks that go up the grass slopes to the fountain, with its domed roof wherein are depicted in mosaic the stars and planets.

It is worth seeing, and the stiff climb has made a cupful of water attractive.

From here we go through a long avenue of beeches, glorious trees, to the suspension bridge over the London-Reigate-Brighton road, and so into Gatton Hall, home of the late Jeremiah Colman, "mustard king."

Gatton Hall, which stands in these grounds, was planned on a magnificent scale, and cost ten thousand pounds at a time when the pound was worth something like three times its value to-day.

The church, near the Hall, is something of a museum of foreign woodwork and pictures.

Crossing the spacious parkland, with its belts of trees, and particularly noticing the line of yews which point out

abilities of getting a brilliant gem.

The brilliancy of a diamond depends a great deal upon the skill with which it is cut, and "old-fashioned" diamonds are sometimes re-cut to yield a smaller but more brilliant and valuable gem.

REVOLUTION SONGS.

Without an error of only one thousandth of an inch required to ruin a gem, it is not surprising the diamond cutters are often heavy cigarette smokers. Some find it necessary to sing periodically to relieve the tension.

Yet when cutting small gems,

the Way, we come to its eastern gates, where a footpath leads us to the village of Merstham—not entirely spoilt by modern traffic.

There is a blind-alley road that contains some of the most charming old-world cottages in the countryside, and there is a good inn.

Opposite the church our route takes us back to the hills, and so to White Hill, with its water tower and Gravelly Hill.

Now the Way changes, with interesting versatility. At times it is a grass track, scarcely discernible, a good footpath, a beaten path, a good main road.

But before we go on, it is worth while deviating from it to pay a visit to Chaldon Church—for it contains the most remarkable wall painting in the country.

The west wall is covered with a lurid depiction of sinners striving to reach Heaven by a long ladder, from which many of them are being pitch-forked by horrible devils. On the east wall is a no less colourful scene of Hell and Salvation.

It is a sight to remember—but not, preferably, when you wake up in the middle of the night.

Returning, we carry on along the line of hills to Marden Park, where the Way fringes the trees, and, crossing the

a single cutter may manage twenty or thirty of the little saws making their 3,000 revolutions a minute at the same time.

In the process of cutting a considerable amount of diamond dust is produced. It is the hardest abrasive known, and extremely valuable. In the sawing of the President Vargas stone of 726 carats, half the uncut stone became dust and half became gems.

The dust is most carefully collected. In some places where diamonds are cut, the water in which the craftsmen wash their hands is kept and the diamond dust filtered out.

The water in which overalls, etc., are washed is also treated for the extraction of the diamond dust.

Most people think of diamonds in terms of jewels. In fact, many millions of carats of diamonds are used for industrial purposes every year. Because of its hardness, a diamond makes an almost perfect die for wire-drawing—over half a million miles of copper can be drawn through a die to make wire before it becomes worn, and then the die can be enlarged for use on a larger gauge.

Diamond saws and drills are used for cutting metals and stones quickly. In normal times, about 70 per cent. of the output of diamonds is used in industry and 30 per cent. for jewels. In war, the percentage for industry has probably been larger.



The winding road between Titsey and Chevening.

Beaten Path and Main Road

CONTINUING ON THE PILGRIM'S WAY

Pulling the Pint

MUCH money is being spent by brewers in the Midlands on research. They are hoping soon to have found the perfect beer—in other words, the kind that never goes flat.

It appears that a lot depends upon the method used for "raising" beer from the cellar to the pump, and the new way may eliminate the possibility of it being served out of condition.

Incidentally, officials of Gaskell and Chambers, the brewery equipment makers, say that some of the devices are a direct result of discoveries made while their firm were making pump equipment for the Admiralty.

They are also working on an idea which will guarantee a full pint or half-pint each time it is pulled, which will rule out the customer's complaint that his glass is wearing a "clerical collar."

(Continued from Page 1)

Family Table Talk

now quite settled down in her new home, and that her Dad (now a sprightly 66!) comes round to look after the garden.

The youngsters are great favourites with the old people, and while they can present such smiling faces to the world, you can rest assured that all's well at Westbourne.

A WORD or two for sub-editor Jim Pennycook, of 57, Stenhouse Place West, Edinburgh, to whom we apologise for not having anything in front of his name.

Your rank got mislaid. However, that shouldn't prevent you identifying the story and picture.

Here are your father, Mother and 8-year-old sister, Aileen, snapped in the hen-run behind their home.

The poultry-keeping game is having its ups and downs these days, your father told us. One of the hens died the other day but this loss has more than been made up by the hatching of eleven chicks.

Your father had just come in from his work at the Corporation Electricity Department, and he and your mother and Aileen were wishing that your brother, Douglas, who is still at Gosport, had been in the picture, too. But he is expected home on leave shortly.

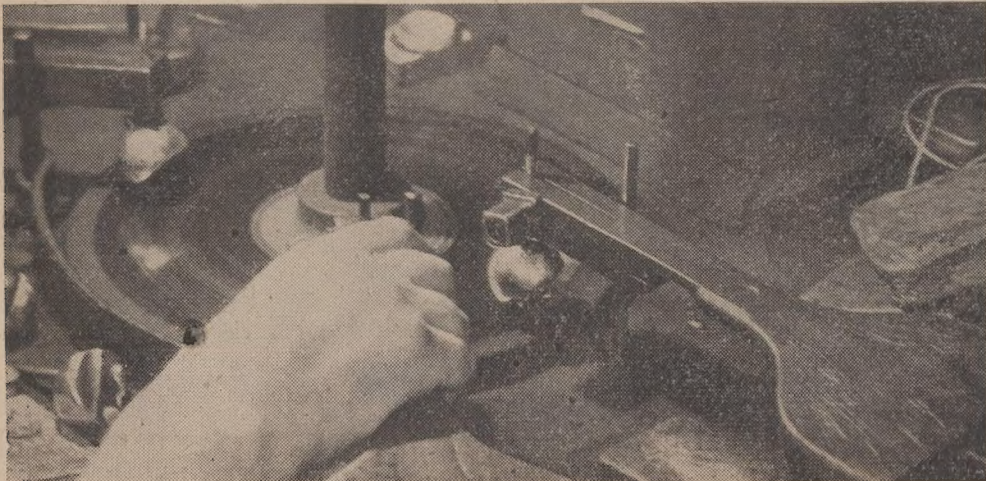
Aileen is following your advice, Jim, and is going to it at school. She is sitting her examinations just now, and I must be sure to tell you that her papers, so far, have been marked 100 per cent.

Now, who could do better than that? And, mind you, little Aileen is still carrying on with her Highland dancing, too. She continues to entertain the troops and was out dancing at Dunbar Garrison Theatre the other Sunday.

The folks got your letter about writing to Aunt Cissie, your father's sister in Australia. Your father says, "Drop her a line, Jim. I'm sure she will be glad to hear from you and glad still to see you if you get that length. I hope that you might manage to meet you aunt if your job takes you to that area."

And here's a message from your mother—"Your chum, John Paton, whom you haven't seen for three years, is home on leave from Italy. He called out to see us and is looking forward to meeting you—even if it is in the Far East! We are all looking forward to the day when you come home, Jim, and we hope it won't be long."

By the way, do you remember the photograph of Douglas and you in the three-legged race at Stephouse School sports? Well the photographer who took that picture also took this one of your father, mother, and Aileen. Although the phrase is usually confined to the R.A.F., he wants to wish you "Many happy landings, lad!" and that goes for all of us here, who wish all the chaps concerned on the page to-day the very best of luck, always.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A NUMBER of letters have come in from readers of this column asking about the future of air mails and the advisability of collecting them. The answer, briefly, is that air issues have a very big future indeed, and that both from the point of view of interest and investment, it will be worth any collector's while to start collecting right away.

There seems, however, to be some misunderstanding about the length of time that air mails have been in use. Their origin is by no means modern. In fact, the first air mail stamp made its appearance as far back as 1877.

It was issued for a balloon flight by Samuel Archer King, an American aeronaut, who carried mail on an ascent from Nashville, Tennessee, and is known as the "Buffalo" from the name of the balloon. The stamp was coloured blue and printed in tête-bêche strips. You don't see many copies these days. Just before the war a pair realised £90 at a London auction.



During the next forty years a number of countries, notably Germany, France and Switzerland, produced unofficial air mail stamps, and an official issue came from Italy in 1917. These franked the mail carried by air between Turin and Rome and Naples and Palermo. For this purpose the current 25 centesimi express stamp was overprinted with a three-line inscription, "Esperimento Posta Aerea—Maggio 1917—Torino-Roma Roma-Torino."

I think that some 200,000 stamps were printed, but not more than three copies were allowed to be sold to each person.

The United States entered the field in 1918 with an issue destined to become famous and perhaps the most valuable of all air mails. This was a 24-cent stamp for an air service between Washington, New York and Philadelphia. Everyone knows this issue with the inverted centre.

The story goes that a philatelist named W. T. Robey went into a Washington Post Office and bought a complete sheet, and on examining them outside, found that all the centres were inverted.

He at once realised how valuable these would prove, and went to New York the same week to sell them. He didn't at first get the offer he wanted, but eventually they were bought on behalf of a syndicate, who sold them to the well-known collector, Col. E. H. R. Green. Robey's profit was nearly £3,000. To-day you couldn't buy one under £700, and at a New York auction in 1939 a copy went for £1,000.

The "Hawker" issue of Newfoundland is another valuable item used on letters carried on the Transatlantic attempt of Hawker and Grieve. Though the plane came down in mid-ocean, the mail was salvaged. The stamp was a provisional—the current 3-cents "Caribou" type over-printed with the five-line inscription, "First—Trans—Atlantic—Air Post—April, 1919."



Air mail stamps during the last twenty years have, of course, been issued by most countries throughout the world, the notable exception being Great Britain. The argument of the British Post Office is "that distinctive stamps for use on letters carried by air are quite unnecessary."

THE Greeks also had a Victory postmark on VIE-Day. This was in use for three days only, and incorporates the figure of the famous Marathon runner who brought the news of the great victory over the Persians to Athens in 490 B.C. Beneath the figure is inscribed the word "Nenikikamen," by which, with his dying breath, he announced the triumph.

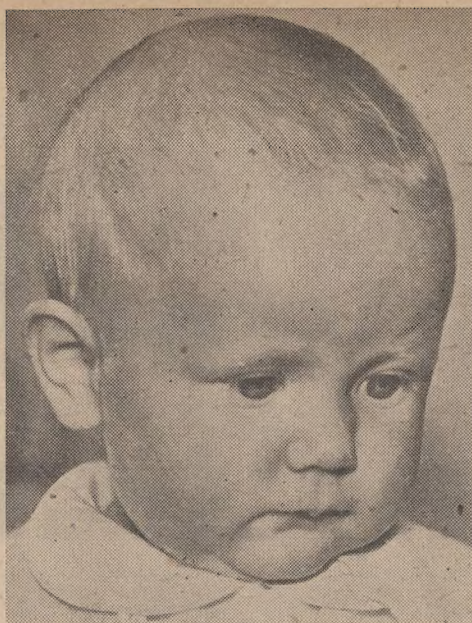
The new Health stamp from New Zealand shows the famous Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens. The Brazil stamp reproduced here was issued to commemorate the end of European hostilities.

Good Morning

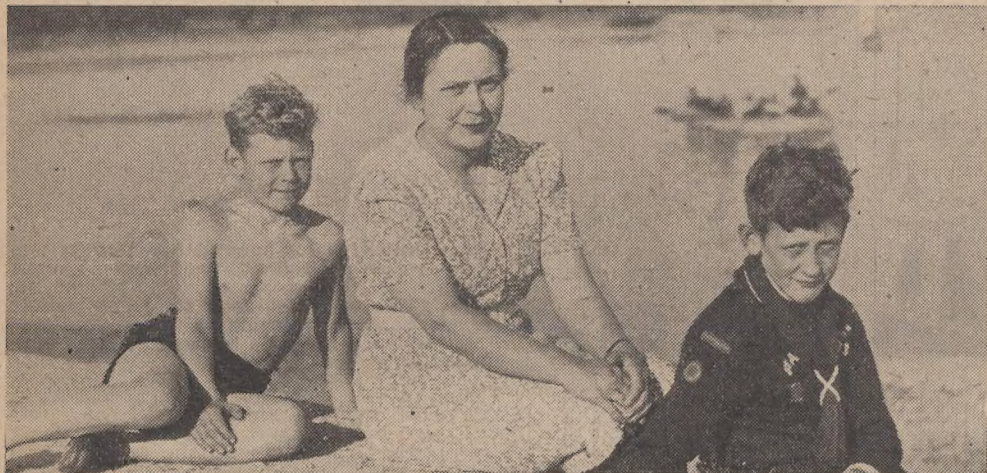


IMPORTANT PICTURE FOR E.R. A. MAHON.

Here's a photograph of that blue-eyed brunette you have never seen, E.R.A. Don Mahon. Don't you think she's cute? Your wife does and so does Pat. Hasn't Pat grown a lot since you saw her? She's tickled to death with her baby sister, Rosaline.



★ **SERIOUS BABY GREET'S A.B. BILL GELL.** This is Angela, your sister's little girl—to whom you were going to stand as God-father. The position was ably filled by Captain Tyson, who came up from Devon for the christening. On the right you see a happy family group from 76 Granville Avenue, Manor Park, Slough. They all send good wishes and want to see you back soon.

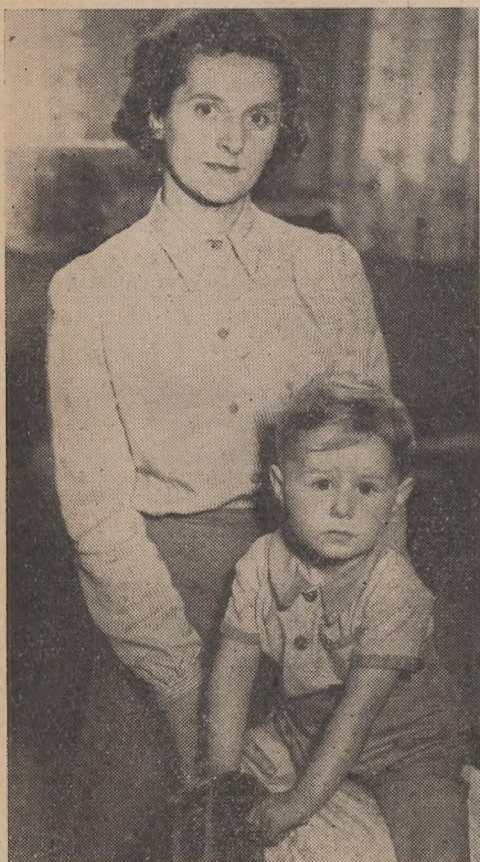


NAVAL PICTURE FOR WARRANT ENGINEER WILLIAM GLASS.

The glimpse of the harbour from Princed should revive happy memories: And we're sure the three on the sea wall will do your eyes good. Peter is in his Sea Scout uniform, and Christopher is in the Cubs. Riding at anchor are some of the Sea Scouts' boats.



★ **"RED LION" PINTS FOR A.B. JIMMY BENFIELD.** But before you come home to enjoy the "pints," here's a picture of Mum and Dad and Eleanor, of the Land Army leaning on the old garden wall to be going on with!



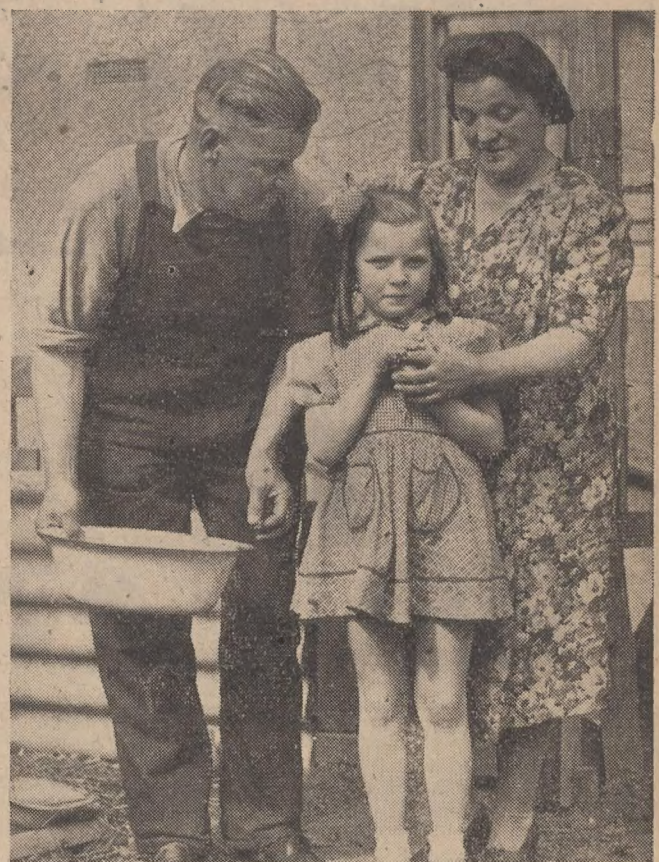
WIFE AND CHRISTOPHER GREET P.O. HARRY HARGREAVES.

What do you think of young Christopher's first "grown-up" haircut, Harry? Looks quite the little man, now, doesn't he? He's no longer the blue-eyed baby you said "good-bye" to.



FAMILY LINE-UP FOR P.O. STEWARD HORACE STARR.

★ Our cameraman just caught the family leaving for a village social, when we called. Here they all are, and don't you think they look fit? Raymond looks mighty pleased with himself—must be the result of that Sunday School prize he had just won!



JIM PENNYQUICK (we've mislaid your rank—but here's a picture you will easily recognise!)

Dad and Mum with young Aileen were just feeding the chickens when "Good Morning" called—and so we photographed them just as they were. We thought you'd like that way best, Jim.